XIII Norway

Sven Skaar

NORWAY

There are about 8,000 Norwegians in San Francisco. Large numbers of Norwegians are engaged in building trades, as contractors, carpenters, painters, and plasterers. The colony has several social clubs and a singing society.

Norwegians are seafaring men. Many of them sail on the coastwise lines or on the fishing craft that venture into Alaskan waters. Just now many of these seamen are out of work. There is a little Norwegian eating place on the Embarcadero that feeds nearly a hundred unemployed Norwegian sailors every week.

Norwegians of San Francisco have a park of their own, near Kings Mountain, where they gather for outing and festivals. It has been named Henrik Ibsen Park, in honor of the celebrated Norwegian playwright.

Just east of the Great Highway, a stone's throw from the beach, lies the warped and rotting hull of the sloop Gjoa, the little boat in which Roald Amundsen made his memorable exploration of the Northwest Passage.

It was Amundsen who first navigated that long-sought sea route between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans which had defied the world's explorers for more than 400 years. His exploration of the Northwest Passage stands as one of the really great classics of human effort. *

The Gjoa left Christiania, Norway, in the summer of 1903. More than three years were taken to navigate the Northwest Passage. The little sloop sailed past Iceland and turned north along the west coast of Greenland to enter the passage. Then, after passing through Davis Strait to Baffin Bay, it was to be battered by ice for the remainder of the voyage.

At King William Land, where the Gjoa was frozen in for eighteen months, Amundsen located and mapped out the North Magnetic Pole.

Making her way along the long north coast of Canada, the Gjoa then reached Alaskan waters. The Northwest Passage could be said to have at last been navigated.

In August, 1906, the little vessel finally limped in under sail to Nome, leaking badly and with her engine useless, after having twice been on fire.

After temporary repairs to the Gjoa, Amundsen sailed down the coast to San Francisco. The sloop was laid up at Mare Island in care of the navy commandant. There it seemed to be rather in the way, and so, for a small sum of money, the Norwegians of San Francisco bought the boat and presented it to the city, in care of the Park Commission.

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* Roald Amundsen: "The Northwest Passage."

SWEDEN

Every year, on June 25, some 12,000 San Franciscans celebrate the return of the light and warmth of the sun. The Swedish festival of Midsommarafton - while it does not quite fit the climatic schedule of California - is preserved intact, with its many observances and festivities.

Games and athletic contests are followed by many good things to eat and drink. Everyone dances around the midsummer pole which has been a feature of folk rites from very early times.

There are large choral groups which sing Swedish folk songs, and dancers in national dress who keep alive the memory of the old dances. Everyone joins in on the long-dances and ring dances.

The origin of this Midsommarafton dates from pre-Christian times and the day is called "St. Hans' Day" in Sweden.

A distinguished Swedish scholar says that "the festival of midsummer, as at present celebrated, is neither more or less than the 'Brides' Feast' of the heathen; that so late as 1710 the bishop warned the people not to keep midsummer vigils; that not very long ago it used to be the custom for a youth to watch a crossroad on midsummer night, that he might see two female figures approach - the one his bride to be and the other, Freja, the goddess of matrimony, who presented her to him."

Be that as it may, we can say that the ancient Bride's Feast, as it is now celebrated by the Swedes of San Francisco, lives up to its tradition of romance, for we know of at least four or five marriages based upon acquaintance made at the annual festival.

FOODS

There is lutfisk, which must, according to tradition, be soaked in birchwood ashes for two weeks; fettsill, the fat Swedish herring; gaffelbitar, gula aerter, slottssill, the sweet Swedish herring that is a delicacy in the true sense of the word, and the many other viands without which no Swedish meal is complete. These delicacies are served as appetizers in large variety and small quantities before the dinner itself.

There are the various mixers, too, such as hallonsaft and Korsbarsaft, which go well toward making Swedish punch. And, speaking of Swedish delicacies, we must not forget the familiar knaeckebrod, the hard bread in flat round cakes which has found much favor in America.

There are prominent Swedish maritime interests in San Francisco - Transatlantic, sailing to Australia and around the world. It was a Swede, William Matson, who founded the powerful Matson Line. Matson shipped as a sailor from Sweden, sailed around Cape Horn, and landed in San Francisco in 1867 as a boy 18.

He worked for several years on coastwise ships, and before long became a mate, and then a captain. While still a young man, Matson began building his own ships, and soon came to be a power in the shipping world.

Matson was a pioneer in carrying oil by water, and was the first man to build and use tankers on the Pacific Coast, following the discovery of oil in California. As time went on he invested heavily in oil, as well as in Hawaiian sugar. Besides his duties as head of the Matson Line he served as Swedish Consul in this city from 1908 until his death in 1917.

A number of Swedish artists live in San Francisco - Gunnar Widforss, the painter of redwoods; Captain Hammarstrom, caretaker of the Dutch windmill in Golden Gate Park, who is well known for his marine paintings; Liljestrom of the Bohemian Club, and Emil Janel, a young sculptor who has never attended art school and whose wood carvings have recently gained international notice.

The Swedes of San Francisco recently purchased a tract of land in the Santa Cruz Mountains near Morgan Hill which they have named Sveadal. Here they are building playgrounds, swimming tanks, cottages, and a field for Swedish outdoor games.

San Francisco's first symphony orchestra was founded by a Swede, August Wetterman, in 1853. For a number of years Wetterman was leader of the orchestra, then no one heard from him for many years. In 1917 he died at the age of 95, penniless, in the Old Peoples' Home. At 116 Drumm Street stands the Scandinavian Sailors' Home, founded in 1900 by John Brynteson, a Swedish miner who came out of the Yukon with a large fortune. Shelter has been given here to thousands upon thousands of Scandinavian seamen, who pay if they can and who receive their room free if they cannot pay.

Brynteson is still alive, and lives in Sweden, where he has become a newsprint manufacturer and director of several Stockholm banks. Brynteson still pays an occasional visit to San Francisco, staying on his ranch at Campbell.

The only Swedish newspaper in California is the Vestkusten (West Coast), founded in 1888.

What is perhaps the most colorful corner in San Francisco's local colony is the Swedish Applied Arts, at 2185 Pacific Avenue. Here you find the authentic and elaborate Swedish cuisine-kaldolmar, fruktsoppa, mesost. Your food is brought to you by boys and girls in bright peasant costume - of these boys and girls we shall have more to say later.

SING SWEDISH SONGS

After dinner one sings Swedish songs and dances the folk dances of old Sweden. Everyone - staff and guests alike - takes part, and after the first few minutes even the most formal of us will find himself yielding to the informal enthusiasm of the evening. After half an hour our conventional guest will be whirling about to the music of a ring-dance, and shouting louder than the rest.

CHARM OF MANHATTAN

Later in the evening, as we sat and watched the subtle intricacies of a Broadway revue, we became confirmed in our feeling. The customs and costumes of Manhattan today are just as charming as those of the Swedish countryside a hundred years ago, and they are certainly easier to understand. These rites of civilization are quite as impressive and meaningful, we concluded, as the festivities of Jul and Midsummer's day.

FIELD CONTINUITY
Minority Survey: Norway, Denmark.
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Norwegian and Danish Colonies.

Location of Minority Groups.

The Norwegians and Danes of San Diego have never settled within confined areas; the only time they are assembled as a group is during the picnics and festival seasons. The Scandinavian is much like the Englishman in being able to habituate himself to new environment irrespective of his neighbors, race, politics, or color. In parts of Minnesota and Nebraska there are farming communities where Scandinavians ~~are~~ have become more or less segregated, but that is due, not to a desire for ~~national collectiveness~~ insularity, but rather to the fact that these districts were open to homesteading during the great Scandinavian migration some years ago. San Diego, naturally, ~~felt~~ was little effect ~~of~~ by the North European exodus. Our citizens of Norwegian and Danish origin have arrived here, usually, after a few years in the east and particularly the middle west.

Population

The total Danish population of San Diego is 600, one half of whom are Danish born. There are approximately 700 Norwegians, 300 of whom were born in Norway. Recent immigration restrictions have limited the number of Scandinavian immigrants to this country and, as Americanized Norwegians and Danes are fast

marrying into other blood than their own, it is increasingly difficult to obtain accurate statistics.

Place of Origin.

The Norwegians and Danes who leave the old countries come from all walks of life and consequently from all districts or provinces in their home lands. The cosmopolitanism of this city draws a more mixed element than would a strictly agricultural or lumber district.

Places lived before coming to U.S.A.

With few exceptions the Danes and Norwegians have come to the U. S. directly from their home lands. A few of our Danish born citizens have lived in South America and some in Canada, a country which has, incidentally, drawn many Scandinavians. The Norwegians, ~~naturally~~ a roaming and sea-faring people ~~since~~ the time of their Viking forefathers, have slightly more representatives here who have lived in other foreign countries than the ~~U. S. A.~~ A few have come from Australia, Chili, Brazil, and Canada.

Length of time in U.S.A.

The first Norwegians to settle in San Diego came during the ~~old~~ ~~sealing~~ and whaling days ~~from circa~~ 1870 to 1880. The former Norwegian Consul, Angelbresen, came to San Diego in 1887 and found other Norwegians who had lived here many years before his arrival. C. M. Thuland, now a retired merchant, came here in 1884.

The Danes first came in 1885, though the largest influx was in 1912 when many of them settled near La Mesa to raise hogs and chickens.

Native Organizations. Norwegian.

The Sons of Norway was first organized locally in 1912 as a branch of the national order. Its membership has grown steadily so that it is today the strongest Norwegian organization in Southern California. They meet in the Vasa Club Hall (Swedish), 3094 El Cajon Ave. The membership numbers 76, all of ~~whom are~~ which is either Norwegian born or of Norwegian-born parents. Formerly a prerequisite for membership was a ~~full~~ knowledge of the Norwegian tongue, but this rule has been dropped so that the club may prosper ~~by~~ the potential members who will join in order to learn their mother tongue. The order is benevolent and social, with a definite program to retain contact with the Old Country and perpetuate the Norwegian language and customs. The emblem of the club is the Polar Star, "to remind members that all work within and without the order should have a fixed and unalterable aim -- to help their fellowmen." The fine work they have done is symbolic of that creed. The President and Secretary are respectively, O. A. Thorpe, and Minnie Scarsten.

The Scandinavian Society is a smaller organization devoted not only to Norwegians but Danes and

Swedes as well. They are a fraternal order, and meet every Tuesday evening at Germania Hall, 9th and G Streets, Fred Lund, Pres., and Axel Benson, Secretary. They are aiding in maintaining the spirit of friendliness which, geographically, economically, and culturally, should always exist between the three countries of Scandinavia.

Native Organizations. Danish.

The Danish Brotherhood and Danish Sisterhood, its auxiliary, is a national order of a benevolent and cultural nature. They, as most Scandinavian organizations, have as the prime objectives the perpetuation abroad of Danish culture and tongue. Their meetings and ceremonial songs are all in the Danish language. They are not attempting to serve two masters; they serve Uncle Sam faithfully, but remember with deep respect and sentiment their past master -- Denmark.

The Scandinavian Society benefits the Danes as mentioned above. Any other organizations are of slight importance and are not represented in San Diego.

Native Newspapers in Norwegian.

Normanden, a vernacular weekly, published in Los Angeles, is the chief periodical read among the local Norwegians. The Scandinavian Review, published in New York City, is a cultural magazine serving all Scandinavians in the U. S. A. It deals with contemporary art and letters, and is classed as an intelligenzia

~~paper~~ -- for that reason it is only read by the professional class.

Native Newspapers in Danish.

Den Danske Pioneren (The Danish Pioneer), published in Omaha, Nebraska, enjoys quite a large circulation here as it contains not only news of Danes in America but is of international scope. Bian (The Bee), published by Hans Egede in San Francisco, is of second importance containing weekly news items of club activities and Pacific Coast news. It is liberal in its ~~tenor~~ view as are most Scandinavian newspapers.

Feast and Holidays currently observed by Norwegians.

Norwegian Independence Day is celebrated May 17th, in commemoration of Norway's final break with Denmark which gave her complete independence under her own sovereign. On this day Norwegians the world over gather for a full day's feasting and dancing, sing their native songs and have patriotic pageants. The dances and costumes are ~~as~~ like pages from ancient Norse history; vivid colors and the dance steps, which originated for wooden-shod feet, depict the Norsemen as they were in their native element centuries past. To the music of fiddle and accordion the Norwegian-American, for one day of the year, dances to the tune of his forefathers.

Discovery Day, Oct. 9th, is in honor of Leif Erikson, Leif the Lucky, that famous Viking who, it is said discovered America 300 years prior to the voyage of Columbus. This occasion is celebrated by patriotic plays and songs, followed by an evening of danc-

ing. There is nothing of particular cultural importance to the holiday except to bring the colony together .

Holidays and Feasts Observed Locally by Danes.

June 4th is Danish Independence Day in celebration of Denmark's new constitution received in 1848 which gave the Danes one of the most democratic governments in the world. The ceremonies on June 4th are similar to most Scandinavian holidays; native dancing, singing and feasting. True to the Viking traditions of Denmark, the people of today feast on any and all holidays; the cook becomes an epicurean empress. One dance, thoroughly Danish and as old as Denmark's history, is "Den Topped Hone" (The Chicken With A Top). This dance with music of the same name is always performed in native dress and is one of the gayest of all Scandinavian demonstrations. A peculiarity of the local Danes is that they refuse to use professionals for their native dances. During the Exposition in Balboa Park the Danish dancers were men and women from all walks of life except the professional dance stage. Plumbers, lawyers, ship builders, dairymen, house wives, and secretaries donned the costumes of their native land and "danced," as ~~it was stated~~ related to the writer, "as they and their forefathers have always danced, with the expression and grace nature had given them, instead of to the time of a dance master's baton."

Other holidays are not observed locally unless

it is to join a Swedish or Norwegian group on their holidays.

Occupations in Norway.

The local Norwegian colony represents practically all of the trades and professions of the Old Country. In Norway the usual occupations are: fishing, and its allied industries, seafaring, lumbering, and farming; of the professions many were merchants, naval architects, attorneys, doctors and engineers. Seafaring and fishing are the two chief occupations of the average Norwegian; it is said that Norway exports more sailors than herring.

Occupations in Denmark.

Denmark ~~being~~ primarily a dairy country, employs over 80% of its population at farming and the various branches of that ~~industry~~. Other occupations include ship building, fishing, commerce, and the manufacture of farming implements. Varied professions, particularly finance, foreign trade, and law are common.

Occupations in U.S.A. Norwegian.

Local Norwegians are employed in the building trades, sea-faring, fishing, and general laboring. Many of them are storekeepers, bakers, restaurant proprietors, doctors, and attorneys.

Occupations in U.S.A. Danish.

Many of the Danish colony here are employed in creameries, factories, and construction work. Part of them have their own hog and chicken farms in and around San Diego. In the professions they are to be found engaged prin-

cipally in banking, commerce, medicine, and law.

As Sweden has contributed so generously to the economic structure of San Diego, so have her sister countries, Norway and Denmark, aided in the progress of our community. The three nations were at one time under one rule; later Norway and Denmark were united while Sweden was independent. ~~In recent years~~ Norway and Sweden were under one soveriegn, and until the time in 1906 when the three nations became independent of each other, there was continual blood shed and ill will. These three groups, represented in San Diego, have forgotten the former antagonism of the bloody past and stand today united as American citizens, representing three different nations and three distinct cultures.

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FIELD CONTINUITY
Racial Minorities: Norway & Denmark
San Diego Project
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Bert Vanzi
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~~Norwegian & Danish Colonies~~

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FOLKLORE

Sven Skaar

In writing on "the folklore of the Norwegian, Danish and Swedish groups of San Francisco", we will first define our understanding of this interesting study. There are two distinct bases for folklore or folkways.

A. The need of a whole people.

B. The need of an individual or minority groups in order to protest or bolster his or their importance. Such a folklore acts as a publicity agency.

To give an example of A: Lofoten, Norway, is a group of small barren islands stretching in a southwesterly direction for hundreds of miles into the North Atlantic. They are well within the Artic Circle. To this region Spring comes with a rush. The Summer is one continuous day. For three short months the sun never sets. The growth of the Arctic vegetation, meager and limited as it may be, is violently rapid, strange and unbelievable, almost insane in its manifestations. The people go wild with this ecstasy of midnight sun and fruition.

The winter is eight to nine months long, a virtual eight months frozen black night. Terrific Arctic snow gales, the weight of which make the heavy timbers of small dwellings creak and groan, rake these exposed barren islands almost continuously. Dreary, dismal is the existence of the inhabitants. No wonder these people who, for centuries under such extreme differences of seasons, are full of needs and inhibitions as well as an unbelievable imagination. No wonder their folklore is strange and vivid, gems of philosophy filling their desperate lack. It is creating a bridge to gap reality with unreality. To substiture plenty for their meager harvest and to ease their heartbreaking struggles to wrest food from the ocean in open boats in winter time. No wonder the following myth had sprung up: Out

beyond the last island, Röst, is a group of submerged merman isles called Utröst. Many a time the fishermen will find on returning home, grain stalks attached to the keel and rudder of their boats. They will also find barley grains in the stomachs of their fish. Then it is certain they have been fishing and sailing over Utröst. Often these isles have been seen by good people, rising from the depths where ordinarily no land is found. The undersea people are industrious and never in need of earthly possessions. Their stock is plentiful and well fed. The meadows and fields are greener and richer than any place on (real) land. These undersea islands are brighter with sunlight than any place in this earth. The Lofoting says that the one who sees these islands "is provided for" and has second sight. "Often," says the legend, "a great level grain field has been seen in the middle of Vestfjorden, the grain stalks just high enough to stand dry, making the whole ocean a yellow barley field." The little folk tale which I will set down arises from this legend. It is called "The Three Cormorants of Utrost".

Once upon a time there lived a poor fisherman by the name of Isaac on the island of Vaerö, close to Röst. Isaac and his wife had many many hungry children. No matter how hard it was, Isaac tried to be contented with the little he had. His worst trouble, however, was that with his neighbor who was rich and powerful, for this man was always trying to ruin Isaac and seeking to gain possession of the little property he owned. One day when Isaac was out fishing, an impenetrable fog suddenly came upon him, then a storm so furious that he had to empty his boat of all the fish he had caught in order not to go under. For hours he sailed in the fog and mountainous seas hoping to reach land. But on and on he was driven by the storm which was growing hourly. At last he knew he would never reach land and that he was sailing ocean bound. He resigned himself to his fate only praying that the Lord would care for his wife and children. Suddenly he saw a drifting

log with three cormorants sitting on it screeching horribly. But in a second he had passed them. He was fatigued, thirsty, and hungry. He was almost asleep when he was jolted wide awake as the boat was sliding up on a beach. Immediately the sun came up over green hill tops, beautiful grain fields and meadows sloping up towards the summits. The grass and the flowers were so sweet smelling that he thought he had never witnessed such glory. "Now I am provided for, for this is Utrost," thought Isaac. The heads of the barely were bigger than he had ever seen in his life, and there was a fine sod house with a white goat grazing contentedly on the roof. Its udder was as big as a large cow's, and the horns were golden. A little blue clad man was sitting at the stoop of the door smoking a pipe. A long beard covered his embroidered vest. "Welcome to Utrost, Isaac," he said "I suppose you'd like to stay here tonight?".

"If you are so kind as to house me, the best is good enough," replied Isaac.

"But it is unfortunate that my sons cannot bear the odor of a Christian," observed his host. "By the way, haven't you met them?"

"No, I haven't met anybody except three cormorants who sat and shrieked on a drift log."

"Well, but they were my sons," replied the old man. "However, you had better go in; you are both hungry and thirsty, I imagine."

When his host opened the door Isaac was speechless, taken by the grandeur and beauty which lay before him. The table abundantly set with the finest of drinks and edibles. Isaac feasted as he never dreamed he would ever feast. But a curious thing happened. No matter how he ate and drank his glass and plate never grew empty. Suddenly the old man went outside, for a tremendous cry and commotion was heard. The old man returned with his three sons now in human shape. They were gentle and genial and shared in the festivities, and even suggested they take him on a couple of fishing trips, so that he

should be well supplied when he returned home to his family.

Again a curious thing happened. Unlike Christian men they went seafaring only when a perfect hurricane raged. Three trips Isaac made with them. On the first one he was nearly scared out of his wits by their reckless seamanship. Never did they reef sail and when the boat filled they just sailed it up to a mountainous sea making the water rush out over the stern like a fosse. But soon the storm died and they found themselves on the fishing grounds where the fish stood as a solid mass, so thick that even the anchor was floating on them. For the third time a curious thing happened. Isaac, who preferred to use his own gear with which he was familiar, got bites aplenty, but when he hauled the fish to the gunwale, off it dropped. The old man laughed at him and gave him some hooks from his gear, and from then on he caught just as vast a number of fish as the three brothers.

When Isaac had spent some time on Utrost he grew homesick. On parting the old man invited him to visit him again, when Isaac was to make his yearly trip to Bergen where he could sell his fish. "Yes, thank you," said Isaac, "gladly will I do that, but what course shall I hold to find Utrost again?"

"Straight after the cormorant, when it flies to sea," answered the old man.

Isaac shoved off and looked back to wave goodby, but Utrost had disappeared; only the vast deep stretched away in every direction. Isaac reached home safely and whatever he did from that time on was more than successful. When he build himself a jaegt (a one-masted square sailed boat) the fourth curious thing happened. The ship grew to a size such as he had never seen. It was so long that when the lookout man shouted to the steersman, his directions had to be relayed amidship, and both had to yell at the top of their voices.

There was something uncannily mysterious about the loading of the ship too; for no matter how much fish he took off his drying racks, the original quantity remained. And when they sailed his racks were still crowded.

When Isaac had sold his cargo in Bergen he was able to buy another jaegt, and to fill it with the best to eat and the finest to wear. The eve of his home sailing, the old man from Utrost suddenly appeared aboard, and asked him to care well for his neighbor's widow and children, his neighbor having been lost at sea that night with all his gear, wherein lay his wealth. The return from Bergen was without mishap. Fair weather and good winds were with him all the way. He never forgot to whom he owed his good fortune. And he never failed to furnish the best of things, for the one who kept the winter vigil, from the time he beached his jaegt in the fall. And every Christmas Eve lights shone from the vessel where it lay beached, and fiddles and music and laughter and noise were heard from it, and also the tread of dancing feet.

RG

Andy Andersen

" And so, For the Glory of God, Amen!"

He had concluded his sermon , this little man of 18 years and the congregation of Third street alley habitues lingered. They wanted to shake his hand . They wondered at his eloquence . They marvelled at the way he put his stuff-- the old stuff-- over. For many of them it was the first time they had been flagged down to a stop by a street religionist.

Now street meetings in Third street alleys are no novelty. Three or four men, singing nasally and loud , around a portable organ, do not attract crowds anymore . No one cares about a commonplace leader who prays loudly to his God and shouts 'Hallelujah!' The motley habitues of Third street resorts are used to that sort of thing. It is a part of Third street. They have heard all of the gospel hymns in many renditions,and have listened indifferently to the Salvation Army band. Their Salvation mostly consists of a place to sleep and an occasional meal. They are thoroughly blase when it comes to religeon.

So therefore , this was unusual,to find a man who could really preach , drawing a crowd in a Third street alley. He was no Red radical. He was telling them the story of the Bible. They listened! The story of Salvation, Christ crucified and redemption for sinners. He spoke with conviction and in a language they could understand. They waited for more!

How came he here? This earnest,educated,eloquent boy of 18? With his talent and youth,promise of a career- what was he doing in this alley? All of his associates,including the leader who played the organ had retired to the sidewalk to listen and give him elbow room for his masterly eloquence. Why?

Well, his is a long story . Perhaps you will listen if I tell it briefly .

146

Many years ago, before San Francisco became a metropolis, his grandfather and grandmother came to California to make their way in the world. They came directly from Norway, where his grandfather had been a woodworker and carpenter. They were devout people, hardy folk and industrious. They came to the new world to grow up with it and to rear their children where they would have opportunity for advancement. They did not seek riches, but they did ask of this country security and advancement .

Ole Bertelson fitted well into the affairs of San Francisco. When he arrived , in the '50^s, he found all the work he was able to do because he was a skilled carpenter and cabinet maker and he was honest. He was a religious man, trained in the strict Lutheran faith of his fathers in the old country and he mingled with his kind. He bacame a sort of lay preacher, studied his Bible, conducted religious services and often was a leader in prayer meetings. He became founder of one of San Francisco's first protestant churches.

Bertelson's children grew up in San Francisco and two of his sons, of which there were three , joined the father in the carpenter shop and became skilled mechanics. The third broke the old man's heart when he became a tavern keeper. But with two of the sons we have no further concern, as all prospered and their progeny are still among the good citizens of the Bay area.

Axel was the oldest son. He grew to manhood in his father's business, was married and also was the father of three sons. There was a happy family ! Axel made top wages. He dressed his wife and children better than his neighbors. He built them a fine home .He had money in the bank and employed more than a dozen Scandinavians in his growing carpenter and building business. He was a good citizen, took part in the public life, contributed to political, charitable and school campaigns, b but, possibly fed up with grandpa's preaching, held no traffic with religeon.

He was practical and all for making money.

Is it to be wondered then,that when news of the gold strike on the Yukon came,he caught the gold fever? Of course not . It was epidemic in California at that time .

So Axel established his family with sufficient means to last until he should return and outfitted an expedition to Alaska for himself and five friends . They sailed for the Far North in 1896.

Axel was no fool. His expedition encountered the common - place hardships which are now history. They made long sledge trips with dogs. They were spilled into the icy waters of the Yukon river,times without number ,narrowly escaping with their lives. They trekked long miles on foot through the snows of the Arctic wilderness. Finally they returned to Nome. Incidentally on this pilgrimage,which had netted them nothing, they had purchased several wretched boats for which they had paid fabulous sums.

Here then,opportunity beckoned to Axel. He would build boats and sleds. Let others do the prospecting ,he was still a carpenter. So he set up a shop with his associates . They whipsawed lumber and built good,strong boats and sledges and soon found they had a real bonanza. They couldn't turn out equipment fast enough, and wealth rolled in at the rate of several thousand dollars a week. Axel made a fortune but never mined a flake of gold. He returned to San Francisco a very wealthy man.

" My father was a sinful man," now says Martin,the young evangelist ." He took his share of the money which came from Alaska and opened a dance hall on the Barbary Coast . It was there I was born. My mother,on the other hand was religious ,gave me my early training and told me the story of father's grandpa and what a Godly man he was. I decided, while a little boy,that I would be like him and I went to school and studied everything in sight.I have been preaching since I was 15. I

do not take up collections because there's still a little money left from the Barbary coast days which I am turning back to God. My field is the whole world,as Wesley said. I need no church nor sponsorship.My Mission is to exhort sinners and bring them back to God!"

He appears, in tattered overalls, with his toes peeking through ragged shoes ,does this evangelist. He distributes printed tracts and shakes hands with those who remain after his harangues.He gathers a few pinched-faced unfortunates,many years older than himself, cheers and feeds them. He doesn't think his career is unusual.

" The old days of persecution are over," Martin says. "People don't do that sort of thing any more. They just look at me and smile or grin and think I'm peculiar. Look what happened to Martin Luther! Look what the old Romans did to the Patriarchs of the church! It takes little courage to be an apostle of God today!"

" And how about your family ," I ask.

" Now I have no family," is the reply . " Mother and father are dead. My brother who used to urge me to come into his business with him, has quit looking me up. My second brother who is in Los Angeles and is doing well,thinks I'm crazy,because my mission is to serve my fellow men and work for the Glory of God."

Third street knows this boy and has taken him in. His voice rings out like that of the prophets of old. He can gather an audience and send his hearers away more contented in soul.He talks to them in their own language . From the Barbary coast to the service of the Lord,he says can be made in one jump. "I did it!"

" For the Glory of God, Amen! "

-----o-----

Norway

By profession I was a minister back in Norway and somewhat a a leader of my small colony whh mostly were farmers and dairymen so I was looked up to and my advice and counsel was greatly heeded and appreciated by my flock. We were a very stocky and healthy people and the women folk were very fine specimens of motherhood, who braved the hardship with their men folks.

A great deal we were dissatisfied was for the great barren country that we had to till and work and prospects for bettering ourselves was very limited and to all that, the heavy taxes and the ruthless demands of our landlords was toomuch for we slaved as any enslaved slaves ever did.

So in the 1917 I was elected to proceed to America and see for myself what the conditions in America was.

1178
1488
3768
2288
1008

Nov. 9, 1936.

Foreign Born Norwegians in Sonoma County.

The hardy sons of Norway have contributed an important part in the development of Sonoma County. According to the United States census of 1930 there were 222 foreign born Norwegians in Sonoma County and there are probably a few more to day. The Viking blood is still rampant in the Norsemen as it was in the days of old and many of them have followed the sea for a livelihood. Take Captain H. Bennecke who is spending his declining years on a poultry farm near Pengrove. In the peace and repose of his beautiful little home one could scarce believe that this quiet man had gone through enough thrilling adventure on the deep to fill several volumes. He was born in the historic city of Bergen on December 20, 1860, of seafaring people. As soon as he had finished the public schools, and education is compulsory in Norway up until the age of fourteen or he would have gone before, at the age of sixteen he went to sea as a sailor and for over thirty years he sailed the sea participating in many adventures in many ports of many lands. And he was proficient and intelligent in his calling for a t the age of nineteen he was made mate and in 1894 had worked up to a captaincy. His first command was on the "Lurleen", a sailing vessel owned by the Matsons. He sailed to Australia, Africa and China his trips taking him twice around the world and three times around Cape Horn. He visited the Sandwich Isalands long before they acquired the name of Hawaiian and was in China at the time of Russo-Japanese was during which ex-

Early Sun Townships in Dunes County.

The early logs of county have contributed an important
part in the development of Dunes County. According to the
United States census of 1890 there were 882 foreign born Nor-
wegians in Dunes County and there are probably a few more to
day. The writer plans to visit personally a few more to
see in the days of old the many of Norwegian pioneers so it
was a livelihood. Hello Oppsala U. Commerce Mo is sending his
declining years on a poultry farm near Kongsvoe. In the years
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
that this pilot man has gone through enough thrilling adventure
to do to fill several volumes. He was born in the historic
city of Bergen on December 8C, 1890, of sea-faring people. As soon
as he had finished the public schools, and education in Commercy
in Norway, until the age of fourteen or he would have left before,
at top age of eighteen he went to sea as a sailor and for over thir-
ty years he sailed the sea plowing in many adventures in
many ports of many lands. And so was proficient and intelligent
in his calling for a true age of promotion he was made mate and
in 1896 had worked up to a captaincy. His first command was on
the "Marlsea", a sailing vessel owned by the Ibsen. He sailed
to Australia, Africa and China his trips taking him twice around

perience the Russians fired shots across his bows. He went through many terrible storms especially around the Horn but he never suffered a shipwreck. In 1910 he retired from the sea and came to Petaluma and bought five acres of alnd near Pengrove in Sonoma County. Showing the same energy here that took him to the top on the sea, he put in up to date improvements for the poultry business and now keeps over one thousand laying hens. He keeps his place in ship shape order and has a fine residence and other improvements. In 1896 he married Gertrude Sullivan of New Zealand and three children have been born to them as a result of this union. Captain Bennecke is a Republican politically, and is well beloved by his neighbors and friends. He will spend many hours talking of his adventures on the sea and of his native land.

One interesting story he tells is of Sverre Sigurdson, a Norwegian King of the Middle Ages, In fact the town or city of Bergen is often called Sverresberg after him. He became the leader of the "Birchlegs" which started as an outlaw band something similar to that of Robin Hood, but he welded this group into a formidable military organization and with it won the Kingdom of Norway and became one of her most glamorous kings. The old Captain spun many tales of the battles between the "Birchlegs" and the "Baglers", a rival organization which was conceived and given birth to out of hatred of Bishop Nicholas to overthrow Sigurdson. "Baglers" means "Crooks" and took its

name from the Bishop's crook. Sigurdson became one of the great Norse heroes, taking his place amongst the Vikings and every child of Norway is as familiar with his exploits as are we with those of Washington and Lincoln.

But all of the Norsemen did nt follow the sea. Many of them have become workers in iron and metal. Norway produces more iron and steel than any other European country. And so the next Norwegian we deal with has become expert in this country in that vocation. He is Rasmus Bjornestad who was born in Trondhjen, Norway, August 10, 1895. His father was a blacksmith and iron-worker and young Rasmus inherited his love for metal from his father. He came to this country in 1903 with his parents, Knud and Hannah Bjornestad, who established their home first in Fargo, North Dakota, where his father followed his trade until 1910 and then moved his family to Tacoma, Washington, still following the trade of blacksmithing, until he had saved enough money to buy a farm, which he did at Standwood, Washington, in 1915. Here he still lives with his wife. Rasmus was educated in the publicschools of Fargo and Tacoma and in spare time worked with his father in iron. For his technical training he took a course in the International Correspondence School and then spent four years as an apprentice in the shops of the Northern Pacific in Tacoma. He became a journey-man boilermaker and has been employed by some of the largest manufacturers in the country. For some time he worked at his trade in Montana and also in California and in October, 1921, established his home in Santa Rosa, Califomia, and took over

name from the Memphis press. Jefferson became one of the great Negro leaders, taking his place amongst the Washingtons and Douglasses of history as he was with those of Washington and Lincoln.

But all of the Norwegian dialect follow the sea.

Many of them have become workers in iron and metal. Norway

and so the next Norwegian we deal with has become early in this country in that vocation. He is Herman Uttermehl who was born in Trondhjem, Norway, August 10, 1885. His father was a blacksmith and iron-worker and young Herman inherited his love for metal from his father. He came to this country in 1902 with his parents, Knud and Hannah Uttermehl, who established their home first in Troy, North Dakota, where his father followed his trade until 1910 and then moved his family to Tacoma, Washington, in 1910. Here he still lives with his wife. Herman was educated in the public schools of Norway and became and in early life worked with his father in iron. For his vocational training he took a course in the International Correspondence

of the Northern Pacific in Tacoma. He became a journey-man boilermaker and has been employed by some of the largest manufacturers in the country. For some time he worked at his trade in Tacoma and also in Gulf Ports and in Indiana, 1911,

the welding department of the Wedden's Garage. After a year here he went into business for himself, renting part of the Fashion Garage and devoting his exclusive attention to welding and boilermaking. In 1923, his business had outgrown his quarters so he took over the entire floor of a new building on Second Street, installed the best and most improved machinery and now has one of the best plants in this section of the state.

In 1920 he married Lena Schwartz of Tacoma and they have three children, two sons and a daughter. He is prominent in Masonic work being a Royal Arch Mason.

And now we come back to another sailor. John Arndt Carlsen was born at Hammerfest, the most northernmost city in Europe on October 11, 1883. He was educated in the schools of his native land and came to the United States at the age of twenty in 1903. For four years after arriving at the Port of New York he sailed along the Atlantic Coast as a seaman and then for five years he followed the sea on the Pacific Coast. In 1912, tiring of the sea, he went to work as motorman on the Key Route in Oakland and held that position for nine years. In May, 1921, he came to Petaluma and purchased six acres of land on Chapman Lane and established a first class poultry business running as high as three thousand laying hens. He has made a great success of the business and has become prosperous and happy.

In 1913 he married Unito Santos of San Francisco and they have two children, a son and a daughter. He belongs to

ing department of the weaver's Guerre. After a year
here he went into business for himself, working part of the
Pearson cottage and devoting his exclusive attention to weaving
and boilermaking. In 1882, his business had outgrown its quarters
so he took over the entire floor of a new building on Lake Ad
street, installed the best and most improved machinery and now
has one of the best plants in this section of the state.

In 1880 he married Lena Schwartz of Geneva and they
have three children, two sons and a daughter. He is prominent
in Masonic work being a 32nd Mason.

He now we come down to another epoch. Lena must
pardon was done at Hammerfest, the most northernmost city in
Europe on October 11, 1868. He was educated in the schools
of his native land and came to the United States at the age of
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then for five years he followed the sea on the Pacific Coast.
In 1895, tiring of the sea, he went to work as motorman on the
Troy house in Oakland and soon after was put on for nine years.
In May, 1901, he came to Petaluma and soon set in motion a
lines running as high as three thousand laying hens. He was made a

the Woodmen of the World and the Central California Poultry Growers Association.

The Norwegians seem not so likely to marry their own countrywomen as either the Swedes or Danes. In many cases those coming to this country have married other nationalities. They, generally speaking, have espoused the Republican party like the Germans and Swedes. They are hardy, industrious and thrifty and have uniformly made a success of their lives.

Sources of information:

Interviews with, Rasmus Bjornested, Captain H. Bennecke, Olaf M. Johnson, Andrew Hansen.

Not copied. 58

B. X. (F) was born in [illegible], in the year of [illegible] had one brother and four sisters. His father was a black smith for a ship building Co. B. X. started school when 6 years of age and finished grammar grade when 15. He learned a great deal in school about Colonial History, sewing and [illegible] thing he could get about this country. [illegible] Browning [illegible]

B. X. spent most of his spare time talking to sailors, and helping them with the sails. Often he and other boys would be given a coin or something good to eat, for climbing the masts and helping the crew with the sails, when they were making ready to depart.

If there was no work these boys would climb up the masts of anchored ships and sit in the folds of the big sails, play cards, or dream of far off lands. His father often lectured B. X. advising him never to go to sea and to stay away from the ships in dock. When BX was 15 and had finished his grades, his mind was made up; he wanted to see America. He had no thought in mind of being a sailor as an occupation, nor was he interested in being paid for services. This lad of 15 wanted to go to America, that would be compensation enough. He signed up as mess boy, after receiving approval of his father, who in the mean time had relented and won over by his son's pleadings. His first trip was on a windjammer sailing to France, England and Russia, for a period of six months. Then he was deck boy for another six months, sailing to various countries of Europe. He left that ship, the "Rangvald Earl", and worked his way to London and from there he shipped on various

each ship in dock, always asking the one question: "Does this ship go to America?" Finally he found one that was soon leaving for the U. S. A. He begged the Captain to take him; his desire was so great that the Captain consented. Ariving in America, he remained for 5 years then again shipped on "Clan Mac Farland" a full rigger for a trip around the world. He was now an A.B. (Able Bodied Seaman) and was out 10 months, touching parts of Melbourne, New Castle, Honolulu and San Francisco.

Upon arriving here, his trip finished, he remained. He was 20 years old. He sailed on coast steamers until 1911. He was naturalized in 1911, married a San Francisco girl in 1910. Also had a son by previous marriage; a daughter was born to him; Their son is 28 and they are very happy family.

He was promoted to 2nd officer and later chief officer, sailing between here and the east coast. 1919 to 1921 as Captain, he sailed for Matson Navigation Company as chief officer the latter part of 1921. and made many trips to east coast for them. In the mean time, he had saved quite a sum of money. With this he opened up a real estate office, and bought several pieces of property; made some money, and sold out after 8 years. He learned something about building during this 8 years, and started to contract and build homes, he made a profit of $45,000 up to 1929. Decided to play the market a little and take it easy for awhile, awaiting fortune's next turn of the wheel. He lost about $15,000 during the 1929 crash, and since then has been rather inactive, except for an occasional trip, as 2nd officer on a coast boat. He is a Republican and an active worker in the Republican Club of San Francisco. He said that America and especially California, is the best country in the world.

BX, said in all his sea faring life only once was he treated in a cruel and inhuman manner. He signed as a deck boy on a Russian wind jammer with a cargo of lumber from Antwerpt to America. The first day out he learned from the crew that they called this ship the "hell boat". The Captain was a Russian, a powerfully built man; tall, broad and smooth shaven. Did not dress like a sea faring man, much to the [illegible] sailors. He preferred the dress of a city gentleman. His family were ship owners and very wealthy. He had spent the greater part of his life on land in the society of the upper class, rather a black sheep and scapegoat for his parents. He married a fine girl, the daughter of a minister of the gospel. His open and brazen actions of associating with prostitutes and the underworld, caused his family to force him to sea. They sent him on one of their boats as its Captain, afterwards named by his crew, "The Hell Boat". The first and second mates were Russians, big strong, and as mean as they come; forming a trio that out-classed the high command of any pirate ship that ever sailed the seas, for cruelty unbelievable in this late age. But every word is positively true, as I know BX to be a man of honor and the very soul of truth. The Crew consisted of ~~12~~ men, of various nationalities. They did not understand the Russian language, and could not understand each other any too well. The Captain's quarters were well stacked with choice foods, barrels of whiskey and brandy, fine cigars. The crew was fed hard biscuits and black coffee for breakfast; salt pork ~~and~~ biscuits, coffee for lunch. What they did not eat was made over in a hash for the evening meal. They were allowed a small portion of butter and sugar for the week. ~~This lasted until Thursday and could~~

have no more. The third day out the crew was nearly starved, no variety, and filthy food. They could not eat the small portions and this was re-hashed for dinner. The first day out, the Captain and mates started to drink, cursing, singing, like wild beasts. On the third day one of the crew complained about his food. The captain hit him in the face knocking him down, the two mates jumped on him and beat him nearly to death. The Captain walked up to another member of crew who had not complained and hit and kicked him unmercifully. The Captain and mates always ganged one man at a time, nearly every member of the crew had blue swollen eyes from beatings for no apparent reason.

After they tired of that sport they proceeded to get drunk all over again. The Captain had several shot guns and rifles in his quarters. They delighted in shooting near a sailor when away up near the top sails, to see him tremble and almost lose his balance. The Captain sent the deck boy, BX, up the mast with empty bottles and tie them on, and then shoot at them when a sailor was near one. It was dangerous enough up there, but when a bullet cracked one of those bottles near a sailor's back, it completely unmanned him. This was kept up every few days, until a real tragedy occurred. In the crew was a father and son. The son was working near one of these bottles high in the top mast on a very rough sea. The Captain fired, cracked a bottle. The sailor lost his balance, crashed down; he died almost instantly. His father went mad and for days walked around completely insane. This was an added hazard to the crew; he would pick up a ship ax and creep up behind them. They were always afraid; yet the Captain would only laugh.

They felt sorry for this poor old man. One day they saw him take off his coat and chop a piece with the ax, throw it over board then another until it was all gone. This amused the Captain and mates but not the crew. Space will not permit recording the tortures this crew suffered during that 40 days to America on the "Hell-ship". BX was kicked and often. Being young, small and agile, he could scurry out of reach of the Captain's boot. The crew would most certainly have starved on their rations, if it had not been for BX. One evening he crept up to the glass doors directly over the Captain's dining room; the table was filled with food and cigars. He watched until the three were dead drunk and sleeping. He motioned to members of the crew, and they quietly opened the glass doors by lifting them up; a sailor lowered BX by holding his ankles. BX reached up, snatched, lamb, ham and every thing in sight, including some brandy and hands full of fine cigars.

They all realized if caught in this act, they would have been killed with the greatest of pleasure by the Captain and Mates. They divided up the food, drank the brandy and had a feast. This stimulated their bodies and bravery and decided to break in the Captain's store room that very night. BX acted as look out. The Captain and mates snored while the crew took down the door. Securing kettles from the kitchen, they filled them with brandy from the goodly supply, and carried away legs of smoked lamb and other good food, including canned goods. They were so well fed and happy from brandy they were much afraid the Captain would notice them, and especially notice the loss of food; but to their surprise he did not. The extra food was locked in their trunks.

An investigation of their trunks would have betrayed them. They were almost dead sure the Captain would discover their acts the next day but they had replaced the door very carefully, and left no evidence in the way of a crumb of food in sight. Their salvation lay in the Captain and mates remaining drunk for several days and no doubt thought they had consumed the missing food.

Most of the men deserted when the hell ship docked in U.S.S.R. Under Russian law they lost their pay. The Captain knew this and their money went in his pocket. He picked up another crew. BX, shipped back with them, and the same story applies as to cruel treatment. Arriving in Antwerpt, finishing the trip B.X. had 15 pounds coming ($75.00) our money he had stuck to the ship and was entitled to his money. Captain and crew went to the Russian consul's offices as it was customary to pay all hands in the presence of council. BX said slaves had it easy in comparison to sea faring men in those days. They were not only beaten, starved, tortured and often killed, but were cheated out of the few dollars they had earned, [illegible]; the Captain was all smiles and very polite [illegible] in presence of Russian Council and crew. After the Captain and Council conversed quite a while in Russian, a few words BX understood, the Council turned to BX advising him to sign a paper including a receipt for 10 shillings [illegible] BX, protesting, said he had 15 pounds coming to him. The Captain very politely said BX was unruly, insolent, and did not follow orders, and the balance excepting ½ pound was a fine. BX, stated to Council that this was not true, [illegible]

and conversation by Captain to Council with final decision BX, was to get only ½ pound. Instead of accepting BX ran out of the room and up the street to the Norwegian Council, and told his story. When he had finished, the Council took his tall official hat, filled it a long official looking paper, and said, "My boy come with me".

Arriving at the Russian council's office they found quite an uproar, some of the men had accepted the small sums of money through being de-logged by the trumped up lies of the Captain. The Norwegian Council pushed them aside, and after talking long and vigorously in Russian to the Captain and Council they were unwilling to come to terms. The Norwegian Council hit the desk with his fist and said, "Do you or do you not agree to pay this boy 1 pound. All I want is Yes or No". They said yes, and paid the full 5 pounds. (All others members received their full pay after this meeting; these that were willing to fight it out, through the leadership of the boy BX.) They left the Russian Council's office. BX thanked him for his kindness. He said "any time you are in trouble come to me."

Norway:Vidoras
Man

B.X. is fifty-one years of age. He was born in Vidoras, Norway, in a city of 45,000. He had one brother and four sisters. His father was a blacksmith for a shipbuilding company. B.X. started school when he was eight years of age and finishe d grammar grades when he was fifteen. He learned a great deal in school about Columbus discovering America and read everything he could get about this country.

Born in a coast city , B.X. spent most of his spare time talking to sailors, and helping them with the sails. Often he and other boys would be given a coin or something good to eat., for climbing the masts and helping th crew with the sails whent hey were making ready to depart. If there was no work these boys would climb up the masts of anchored ships and sit in the folds of the big sails, play cards, or dream of far-off lands. His father often lectured B.X. advising him never to go to sea and to stay away from the ships in dock. When B.X. was fifteen and had finished grade school, his mind was made up; he wanted to see America. He had no thought in mind of being a sailor as an occupation nor was he interested in being paid for his services. This lad of fifteen wanted to go to America; that was compensation enough. He signed up as a mess boy, after receiving approval of his father who in the meantime had relented and had been won over by his son's pleadings.His first trip was on a windjammer sailing to France, England, and Russia, for a period of six months.

Norway: Bergen
Man

Mr.X now living at 2829 Clay Street, San Francisco, was born in the seaport city of Bergen, Norway in 1893, one of a family of four children. His father earned his living by working as a caulker in a Bergen shipyard.

At the age of fifteen, Mr. X starte to rearn his living, that is, not to earn any actual money but to learn a trade and to work for his room and board. He got a job as helper to a ship's carpenter on a large Norwegian freight ship that made Bergen its home port.

The business of learnig to be a ship's carpenter was no easy job to the young Mr. X as he worked at what seemed to him everything else but carpentry. He didp painting, scraping, and sanpapering of surfaces that were to be painted. He also did numerous other menial jobs which did not require the skill of a carpenter to do. After a time however he worked at repairing and rough carpenter work and in this manner Mr. X. slowly but thoroughly learned the carpenter and cabimet making trade.

Mr. X. stayed with the trade of ship's carpenter and traveled to almost every well-known port in the world. In these travels he made several trips to America. Upon seeing the opportunity of success that one who lives in America has, he decided that some day he would like to make this country his home. In 1915, the opportunity to come to this country presented itself and Mr. X came.

6299

Ole Tarras and Lena were born
Norway in 1863 In 1890 Ole came
with five cents to his name to
America & walked from
in Southern Minnesota. There they
farmed for a time & then
Later went to Dakota, where they
farmed, and Ole
owned land to a modest
extent. For this he received a
salary of $20.00 a month for the early
farming years of his life when he
was 26 he married, but still
continued working for his employer
on farm land. By 1900 they were
came to San Francisco, he had saved
under $300.00 & after
in Minnesota on the farm, Each
however he managed to have

[illegible] to Fay [illegible]
to California during the [illegible]
[illegible] with [illegible] on the
[illegible] was [illegible]
[illegible] and has been studying [illegible]
for three years. He has a [illegible]
[illegible] children, his three of [illegible]
He is very [illegible] that he [illegible]
San Francisco, and [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [

T. J. Flynn .

L 299

Ole Larson was born in Oslo, Norway in 1863. In 1880 he came with his parents to the United States and settled in a Norweigan settlement in Soutern Minnesota, where th family settled on a farm. As the farm was too small to support so large a family as the twelve Larsons, and Ole being the oldest boy he hired out as farmhand to a neighbor at the age of 19 years to help out the family budget. For this he received a salary of $20. a month for the eight farming months of the year. At age of 26 he married, but still continued working for his neighbors as farm hand. Up to 1892 when he came to San Francisco, he had never made more than $300 a year in Minnesota on the farm. But somehow he managed to save enough money to pay his way to California, leaving his family in Minnesota until he got a job.

He is now employed on a Ferry boat and has been steadly employed for many years. He has a family of four children, all living at home. He is not sorry that he came to San Francisco and says he cannot imagine now how he ever came to spend so many years in Minnesota. As for his native Norway, he has long since forgotten such thoughs. San Francisco is his home and here is where he wants to live and expects to die. He has traveled many thousand s of miles on the water since he came here but has never been move than one hundred miles from home since he landed in California. And this is a far away as he desires to get.

cheaper quarters, others remaining but were not able to meet their bills, the house carrying them month after month with small payments, until it finally got so that the house could not meet their obligations and finally was forced to give it up. The struggle and worries over, finances brought about sickness and distress.

A. Forth

Born in Stavanger Norwegia, one of the busiest canning places in Norway. Our family including my grandparents, was fairly big counting the uncles and aunts. I have two brothers and we all were brought up very strict. My father was having an interest in one of the canneries and I often wondered where all in the world the cans of fish from here are going. I saw once in Bergen big shells and saw that they come from Australia. Well being about 15 years old I went after arrangements had been made on a tarmp steamer to Auckland and back. New Zealand is certainly far away and I made about four trips each of about eight monthés durations. In those days I made a sort of diary and made the stops and port of calls. We called in England, Reikiavik,St. John, Baltimore, Kingston, and down to Rio Janeira, La Peata, around Cape Horn to Valparaiso.

We surely had stormy weather around the Cape each time and to come to nice smooth Pacific was a pleasure.

Norway: Hammerjist
Man

Born in 1872 in Hammerjist, the most northerly port in the world, his father owned several whaling vessels and was one of the most prosperous men of the section. In 1884 his mother died and he and his father lived with his aunt. At the age of sixteen he went on his first whaling cruise with his father and worked with him until 1890, when he was made first mate of his father's best vessel. On their return from a trip in 1890, they found their town in ruins from a fire.

His father sold allhis vessels except one and in this they set sail for America and landed at St. John's/New Foundland early in 1891. They joined the cod fishers and were successful for several years. In 1898, the father died as a result of a shipwreck in which their vessel was lost, and only four out of twelve of the crew were saved.

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